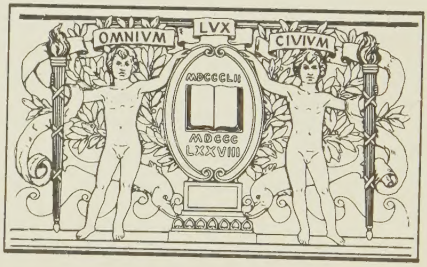

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POEMS.

POEMS

OF

MIHAIL EMINESCU

Translated from the Rumanian and rendered into the original metres

by

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

and

I. O. STEFANOVICI, Ph. D.

With a Preface by

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(Reproduced in facsimile).

With an Introduction by

N. IORGA, D. Litt. (Hon. Causa), Oxon., Professor at the University of Bucharest, Associate Professor at the Sorbonne, Member of the Rumanian Academy, Corresponding Member of the French Institute.

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Ayot St Lawrence.
12th September 1929

My dear Sylvia

After turning the whole house upside down in a despairing and finally maddened search for this typescript I collapsed into a chair utterly beaten, and immediately saw the thing lying at my elbow where it had been staring me in the face all the time. This gave the whole business such a supernatural air, that under the influence of it and of exhaustion (I had begun the day with a hundred mile drive from Malvern, to find your imperious telegram awaiting me) I read Emperor & Proletarian and Ghosts and the rest over again.

If I were one of these young publishers with printing presses of their own, who dig up impossible old books and make collectors' editions of them I would just jump at this amazing book. Have you ever read Southey, or Burger's Lenore? Have you ever seen the folios in the British Museum containing Delacroix' illustrations to Faust — great lithographs they are? Fifty years ago I used to try them on people to see whether they had any real original artistic sense and free imagination; but they hadn't; and since then I doubt whether the book and its companion Hamlet has ever been asked for: at

least I have never heard them mentioned.

Now if you could only find a Delacroix (young) and a publisher (also young), and a 'Press' à la Cosmic Macmillan-Murray-Constable issue would strike the right note. Music by Berlioz would also be desirable

The translation is astonishing and outrageous: it carried me away

Sylvia: you are the greatest dot-genius of this age — the most ungovernable, self-intoxicated, blindly and deeply wilful little rapscallion-condottiera that ever imposed itself on the infra-red end of the revolutionary spectrum as a leader; but that you had this specific literary talent for rhyming and riding over words at a gallop has hitherto been a secret.

Let me know what luck you have with the Moldavian. who raised the ~~XVIII~~-XIX fin de siècle from its grave.

faithfully
G. Bernard Shaw

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Preface by G. Bernard Shaw	IX
Introduction by Professor N. Iorga	XIII
Translators' Notes - - -	XXI
Calin (Leaves from a Fairy Tale) -	3
Emperor and Proletarian - -	39
Ghosts - - - - -	69
In the Deep Old Forest - -	111
Unto the Star - - - -	113
Sleepy Little Songsters - - -	114
Sonnet - - - - -	116
O'er the Trees - - - -	117
Why comest not ? Why comest not ?	118
And if the Branches - - -	120

INTRODUCTION.

To translate the works of Eminescu is to render a valuable contribution to the task of introducing the soul of a people, as yet scarcely known in English-speaking countries, except in the sphere of commerce and economics. To make heard the voice of this great Rumanian poet is also a service to European culture, and to the literary standards of to-day, attacked and corrupted as they are by many currents more unwholesome than original.

One meets in Eminescu two of the qualities which are rarest in literary production. Firstly, he has the capacity of representing, in its completeness, an entire people. What, indeed, has he not known of the life, the deeds and the thought of his nation? Coming from the

North of Moldavia, he spent his childhood in surroundings deeply charged with historic memories, and only a couple of stages from the Bucovina, then under Austrian rule. In the Bucovina yet stand the proudest and loveliest of those splendid monasteries wherein were dug the graves of the fighting rulers of heroic times. As a young student in its capital, the poet encountered at every step the figures of powerful peasants, sinewy, tawny, and of magnificent bearing: the living illustration of the ancient, glorious days. Whilst still a student, he proceeded to the Transylvanian City of Blaj, the rustic capital of those Rumanians who united themselves to the Church of Rome. Here he was brought into contact with another kind of peasantry; one which in spite of the foreign yoke of many centuries, had founded and developed its own Church, schools and culture, of a distinctive and pronouncedly rural type. Later the poet lived in Jassy, the ancient ruling seat of the

Moldavian principality. As a librarian there he pored with veritable enchantment over the antique manuscripts; and as teacher and journalist he gave the lead to an already highly developed local culture.

Moving to Bucharest he was kindled by political passion. In a journalist's daily war with a Liberalism, which, though nationalist in its phraseology, was the product of international economic forces, he shaped for himself that historic racial nationalism, conceived, as it was, beyond the possibility of actual realisation, which has inspired several generations of Rumanian thinkers. Yet, despite his nationalism, there was nothing in him of that narrow localism, that blind national prejudice, the stultifying influence of which is met in so many other writers.

The most authentic representative of Rumanian aspirations, completely identified with his own people, Eminescu was, nevertheless, a European of his time. He studied

in Vienna, and had a knowledge of the classical languages, even Sanscrit, and of French and German. There are notes in his writings from the German Romantics, side by side with creations from the lyrical Doina, the typical Rumanian folk-song, and from the epic fairy tales of his native land. The blue flower of the German Romantics, and the lime trees of the Rhineland, as well as the Moldavian white cherry blossom, bewitched on the canvasses of the Rumanian painter Grigorescu, are common motives of Eminescu's yearning song of love. Little effort is required to distinguish in his verses the influence of Alfred de Musset's laughter amid the tears, and Alfred de Vigny's rigid and stoic affirmations, daring to provoke the heavens and defy the fates. Eminescu, who, too narrowly, perhaps, was dubbed a Schopenhaurian, was able to appropriate and make his own, all that was most majestic in the soaring of German philosophy in his day, as well as in all the other important European

thought movements of the period. There may be others in whom similar elements are to be met; but no other writer of his time possessed his wonderful gift of creating a perfect synthesis, in which all the influences of the period, wedded to his own powerful and pure voice, resolve themselves into a single harmony. Though his whole polemic prose reveals a vast erudition, this harmony never for an instant manifests the deep sources from which it proceeded. The complex symphony, with its manifold delicate nuances, takes wing like the ditty of the shepherd driving his flock, or the maiden's Doina at the edge of the cornfield. He is one of those rare spirits in whom one seems to hear, not the individual, but the people itself, united and embodied in him.

English readers will find in this successful translation notes which are familiar and dear to them, because they belong also to their own psychological and literary tradition. When our poet dwells, as in Calin, upon the beauties

of nature, he sees in it the counterpart of every phase of human existence: its arbiter and intelligent, though speechless, mate. In thus establishing between man and nature a unity exalted over both, he reminds one of the English Lake poets of the early nineteenth century. Echoes from Shelley greet the ear in his verses, like astral harmonies. When he allows the peasant to sing as his own heart pleases, it seems that the deep thinker has passed the word to a Rumanian Burns. When passion tramples upon accepted ideas and respected customs; when it comes to grips with the present, it appears that the hurricanes of Byronic fury are whipping the surging waves of contemporaneous life. The legend has with him an incomparable candour and limpidity, as though born of the Celtic soul, mysterious without obscurity: as in the chivalrous fourteenth century war song of Carpathian bravery, which the poet couches in the letter written after the battle of Rovine, by the Prince's

young son to his loved one far away.

An old translator of English literature into his native Rumanian has allowed himself to make this brief estimate, which should be taken for something more than a mere banal recommendation of this rendering of our poet.

N. Iorga.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

THE singular beauty of his imagery, his vivid and subtle interpretations of the song and story of his native land, and of nature in her most ethereal and elusive guises, have won for Mihail Eminescu a wealth of admirers extending to many countries. Yet it is perhaps as the profound questioner of Social institutions and traditions; as the mind of scientific habit, fronting the moving pageant of the universe, detached and dispassionate in the quest of knowledge; though joined to the bleeding heart of the ardent lover of humanity in face of social wrong, that this greatest poet of Rumania best establishes his claim to be counted among the immortals. Eminescu has sometimes been called a Pessimist; but in

reality, he is of the company of the great Optimists, who, in their fervour of belief in the destiny of mankind, burn with the poignant striving of the impassioned soul. The pivot of his philosophy: his belief that the universal essence of life is the quenchless and unresting desire for infinite perfection, is revealed with remarkable power and originality in that profound epitome of the social drama: EMPEROR AND PROLETARIAN. Herein, with tender and deep discernment, he portrays the harsh struggle of the classes, disclosing beneath the rags of poverty and the pomp of thrones, the essential unity of mankind.

In offering this preliminary selection from the first English rendering of his works, some brief biographical data may be prefixed, as mere, laconic sign-posts, from which may be deduced some hint of his strange and varied life. He was born on December 20th, 1849, at Ipateshi, near Botoshani, in the North of Moldavia. Of Turco Tatar descent, his surname was

originally Emin, being changed to Eminovich, and finally to Eminescu, its Rumanian form. Beginning his education at Cernovitz, he left school to enter the Civil Service, resumed his studies in Transylvania in 1864, *and later joined a company of strolling players, serving in turn as actor, prompter and stage manager. He turned from this roving life to study philosophy at the Universities of Vienna, Jena and Berlin. In* 1874 *he was appointed School Inspector and Librarian to the University of Jassy. Displaced by a change of Government, he became Editor of the* Timpul (*the "Times"*).

In 1870 *his poetic genius had been revealed by his contributions to the Junimist Review* Convorbiri Literare (*Literary Entertainments*). *He was soon recognised as first among the modern poets of Rumania, and became the creator of a school of poetry and of thought which has influenced all the subsequent literary expression of his country.*

In 1883 *he was stricken by his first attack of the insanity, hereditary in his family. After several relapses, in the year* 1889 *he died in a private asylum in Bucharest from the blow of a fellow inmate.*

Five editions of his collected works appeared in 1890, *and translations have been published in French, German, Italian and Russian.*

E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

CALIN.

CALIN.

(LEAVES FROM A FAIRY TALE)

AUTUMN time ; the leaves a-wander,
Cricket chirps the roof tree under,
And the wind, in sadness soughing,
Taps the pane with trembling finger.
By the stove's warm mouth and glowing,
Waiting sleep's approach dost ponder.
Why from dreaming now hast started ?
'Tis a step in passage yonder ;
Hear : the darling near approaches
To enfold thy waist so slender.
Unto thee a mirror holding,
And thy fair face young and tender
There reflected sweet, he'll show thee
How, in smiling dreams, dost ponder.

CALIN.

I.

O'ER the hill the moon ariseth, as a hearth
of embers golden,
Staining red the ancient forests, and the lonely
castle olden,
And the rivers' flashing waters, glancing in their
gurgling going ;
Falls the bell's sad voice of wailing, from far
distant valleys flowing ;
On the brink of gaping chasms reareth high a
frowning fortress.
Creeping up the grey stone boulders, comes a
swain in slender jeuness.
Slow from ledge to ledge he clambers ; on his
hands and knees ascendeth ;

Till at last the vault he reaches; now the rusty gates he rendeth;
And a-tip-toe steals an entry to that small, hid sleeping chamber.

Swart the walls' cimmerian darkness deepens to an archway sombre;
But, through flowery bands, entwining 'twixt the grating, shineth limpid
Gentle moon, her soft rays shedding, 'mid the shadows, shy and timid;
Where she pierces, walls and paving seem as chalk, or newly whited;
Where she shines not, as with charcoal, charged with black the shades benighted,
While from floor to roof depending, spider bound by spells ensnarent,

Toiling long, a web hath woven, as a fisher's net transparent.
Shakes the web and seems a-tearing, quivering as it gleaming shimmers,
Loaded with a rain of diamonds ; precious dust of gems that glimmers.

Lo ! behind that spangled cobweb, sleeps the Emperor's daughter, blenchèd
By the drowning flood of moonlight, that her maiden bed hath drenchèd.
Rounded, white her form appeareth ; with thine eye thou may'st it measure,
Through her fine-spun silken garments, wrought in hues of palest azure ;
Here and there her robe unfastened, falleth open, and exposes

Nude her body in its fairness, virgin purity discloses.

Tresses loose, in bright abandon, rarest gold, o'erspread the pillow.

Temples beat in slow vibration, tinted as with violet shadow.

Marble forehead's snowy contour, marked by eyebrows fine outlinèd ;

Pencilled curve of peerless beauty, as by master hand designèd.

Throb the life-blood's measured pulses 'neath the eyelids' veiling torpor ;

One fair arm extending idly from the couch in heedless languor ;

Warmth of glowing youth the strawberries of her snowy bosom ripen ;

See the ardent fire of breathing stirs her budding mouth to open,

Fleeting little smiles of beauty tremble o'er the
sweet lips slender ;
Roses strewn in blushing fragrance, touch her
cheek with petals tender.

Closer now the swain approaching, with
impatient hand, hath cloven
That slight web before the entrance ; cobweb
frail with gems o'erwoven.
Gifts of nude and wondrous beauty quick his
frenzy-fevered passion,
Wrought to flame beyond confinement in the
fettering curb of reason ;
Bending low the maid he straineth to his
breast of ardour raging,
'Mid her sighing lips' aroma, sweet his burning
thirst assuaging.

Then the precious ring he rifles from her
sleeping hand, resistless;
Forth unto the world returning, goes in strong
and slender jeuness.

II.

WAKING to the morn, the maiden finds
the web is torn insunder;
Sees her bright lips blue and shrunken, gazeth
on the glass in wonder;
Softly smiles at her reflection; whispers,
wistful: "Come! Oh hear me!
Sburator* with locks of raven, come to-night;
away then bear me!"

* The Sburators of Rumanian folk-lore are roving spirits who make love to the maids by night.

III

LET the maids be as they may be; every
man o'er them hath pondered;
But she seems as those beguilèd, of themselves
who grew enamoured,
As the young Narcissus, peering in the Spring,
his fair face sighted,
And the loved one and the lover in his only
self united.
If unseen, some sly intruder could o'erlook her,
unsuspected,
See her gaze with large eyes tameless, on her
image, lone reflected;
Watch her shaping mirrored kisses; whisper-
ing soft, as one deluded,

Her sole name ; herself adoring, all the world
beside excluded,

Instant he'd divine the secret of her strange
infatuation :

To the beauteous maid, her beauty hath dis-
closed its revelation.

Idol thou, and thief of reason, sunny haired,
with eyes of marvel ;

For thy virgin heart's espousal thou hast chosen
a lovely idol !

What sweet spell is this she whispers, as,
bemused, she eyes in wonder,

Head to foot, the gracious moulding of her
figure, young and tender ?

" Yesternight, O dream enthralling, came a
Sburator to woo me !

" Close I clasped him, well nigh killed him ;
close, so close I crushed him to me !

" 'Mid these walls of glancing mirrors, everywhere my shape revealing ;

" In my shift, in lone seclusion ; wide my white arms stretched appealing ;

" As in light-wove garment folded, drest but in my yellow tresses.

" See my lovely shoulder gleaming, smooth as ivory ; soft my kisses

" Would caress it ; but my maiden tremors frail with blushes dye me.

" Wherefore comes he not, the darling ? On his gentle breast I'd lie me !

" If my body's fair-wrought curving ; if mine azure eyes I treasure,

" 'Tis because their winsome graces sweetly serve to be his pleasure ;

" Lover to myself am growing, since I'm grown his love's possession ;

"Thou, my mouth, do not betray me; show
to all a wise discretion,
"E'en to him, when, stealthy stealing, tiptoe
to my bed he's coming;
"As a woman all desirous, as a child for
artless cunning."

IV.

SO by night the swain returneth, up the steep,
through darkness sombre,
Till at touch of kiss enchanting, sudden wakes
the maid from slumber.
Startled, darts he toward the portal; for an
instant flight he speedeth;
But she halts him on the threshold, piteous
eyed, and humble pleadeth:

" Stay, oh stay with me, I pray thee ; youth
with voice of fiery sweetness,

" Sburator, with locks of raven, drifting shade
of luckless fleetness.

" Know'st thou not, whilst lone thou'rt wander-
ing through the world, will here await thee

" Faithful unto thee remaining, a young heart
of love to mate thee ?

" O elusive shadow vagrant, deep thine eyes
of grief unfathomed ;

" Sweet, ah sweet thine eyes of sadness ;
guard them from the glance ill-omened ! "

So he bideth there a-nigh her ; clasps her waist
with lover's yearning.

Scorched her low-breathed fond endearments,
from the hot lips' fevered burning.

" Whisper, whisper soft," he murmurs, " eyes
of heresy and glamour ;

" Whisper words uncomprehended, yet inwrought with pregnant augur.

" Like a lightning, like an instant, life's fair dream of bright illusion ;

" When thy shapely arm caressing, sweet I dream its dear delusion ;

" When thy lovely head dost pillow on my breast, its pulses counting ;

" When the touch of smooth white shoulders stirs the flame of passion mounting ;

" When life's mortal breath inhaling, I respire thy fragrant breathing ;

" When in sadness of sweet longing, swell our hearts together seething ;

" When to ecstasy abandoned, on my burning face, thine presses ;

" When in play, my throat art winding with thy sunlit silken tresses ;

" When dost reach thy mouth for kisses, gaze with half-shut eyelids dreaming ;

" Then I taste, as grown immortal, joy's delight beyond all deeming.

" Thou—oh hast not yet bethought thee, I no name for thee discover,

" Nor can tell my love deep-founded ? "
Whispering each would give to other

All sweet confidence ; yet neither finds the love-wrought tale's commencement.

Sweeter kiss the sweet kiss closes, nectar ripe for hot thirst's quenchment ;

Each in other's arms embracing, breast to breast that trembling flutters,

And the tongue is hushed and silent, 'tis the eye alone now utters ;

Till her shy face hides its blushes ; in her little hand takes cover,

And her hair, a golden tissue, soft her tear-wet eyes veils over.

V.

ONCE her cheek as apple ruddy; now to waxen pallor faded,

Frail, that with a hair could'st cut it, and with sorrow worn and jaded.

Tresses fair to fair eyes pressing; vain to staunch thy weeping endless;

Heart by anxious doubting tortured; heavy heart, alone and friendless;

Day-long watchest still in anguish; at the casement mournful sighing.

When dost raise thy drooping lashes, out aloft thy soul goes flying;

Follows through the lucent ether, higher and higher, the lark's swift passage.

To thy long-wept absent wanderer, on those wings would'st send a message.

Nay, alas; the bird flies onward; thou with shadowed eyes of grieving

Crouching there; to sobs abandoned, lips a-quiver, bosom heaving.

Drain not so thy young eyes' lustre, dim thou not those stars celestial;

Know that in their tears resideth secret of the eyes ethereal.

As rare stars from heaven shoot downward, like to silver drops descending,

So from limpid skies' sereneness fall fair tears, adornment lending.

Heaven indeed were sad and barren, should its tears all fall together;

So to view the sky's vast vaultage, round and round, would give no pleasure.

Night of streams' reflecting waters, shimmering stars and moonlight faerie,

Is not airless night and stagnant of the coffin, cold and dreary ;

Rare enchantment gives thy fleeting April fount, that sometimes courses ;

How will show thy comely features, if thou drainest dry the sources ?

Hues of lovely blushing roses, in those cheeks that late were blowing ;

And their pale snow, violet shaded, with thy tears, away are flowing ;

And the eyes' eternal sweetness, azure night of witching shadow ;

Swift, ah swiftly are they wasted by those tears of bootless sorrow.

CALIN.

Who's the fool would cast the emerald to the
flaming coal's cremation,

Quench its rare eternal gleaming in a futile
conflagration ?

So dost burn thine eyes and beauty ; so their
lovely night is banished ;

Know'st thou not the precious virtue to the
world of what hath vanished ?

Dry thine eyes, and weep no longer ; stay the
torrent of thy sighing ;

Quiet thy grief's tumultous sobbing ; cease thy
crying, cease thy crying.

VI.

THOU, old King, with beard neglected, like
to tousled gasket musty,

Holds thine ancient pate no reason, only cobwebs, torn and dusty.

Can thy solitude content thee ; O thou witless monarch aged,

At thy long pipe slowly puffing ; for thy daughter pining wretched,

Mournful tramping thy veranda, counting o'er its white boards ceaseless ?

Rich indeed thou wert but lately ; now, bereaved, art poor and easeless ;

For thy child hast ruthless driven, kinless and alone to wander ;

And the princely babe she beareth in a one-roomed hovel yonder.

Vainly send'st thou forth a herald, through the world to seek her tiding ;

None will find the nook deserted, where in secret, sad she's hiding.

VII.

GREY the shades of autumn evening, and
the lake's grey water pushes
Countless ever-moving ripples in among the
bordering rushes ;
Through the withered leaves a-murmuring, hear
the wood make gentle sighing,
Rustling follows after rustling, shakes the leaves
and sends them flying ;
Whilst the old, familiar forest in great drifts its
leaves disposes,
To the drenching flood of moonlight its secluded
depths discloses.
Wae and mournful is the landscape ; and the
shy wind, in its whirling,

Breaks a twig ; the lonely streamlets hasten by,
with ceaseless purling.

Who is this, adown the pathway from the
mountain heights, descending ?

Comes a swain, with eagle glances through the
far-stretched vale extending ;

Sburator, since thou wert roving, seven long
years have slow departed ;

Hast forgot the lone forlornness of thy maiden,
faithful hearted ?

Sees he on the lowland levels a young
bare-foot child's endeavour

To assemble a flock of goslings and to drive
them on together.

" Pleasant weather ! " quoth the stranger—
" Same to thee," upspake the laddie.

" How then, sonny, do they name thee ? "
" I'm Calin, just like my daddy.

"When I've sometimes asked my mother—
Whose am I?—she's sadly told me:
"'Of the Sburators thy father; after him,
Calin I called thee.'"
None but he could know the heart-pang at
that story he was suffering;
For the child who herded goslings, of his love
tale was the offspring.

To the little hut he entered. At the bench-end,
faint and clouded,
In a broken pot, an oil-light loomed amid the
darkness shrouded.
On the grey hearth two cakes baking, in the
ashes' heated cover;
One old slipper 'neath a rafter, and behind the
door the other;

In a basket there, was lying the old grind-mill,
worn and dented ;
And the Tom-cat by the chimney washed his
ear and purred contented.
Smoke begrimed, the saint's old picture and the
comanac* he weareth,
Where the low flame of the night lamp, small as
poppy seed appeareth.
On the shelf beneath the icon, dried and dusty,
mint and basil
Fill with pungent, strong aroma all the darkness
of the hovel ;
On the oven, clay-besmearèd ; on the rough
walls, smoked and yellow,
With a twig of charcoal, pictured by that clever
little fellow,
Tails like corkscrews, sticks for trotters, runs a
row of little piggies,

* The headgear worn by the orthodox priests of the Eastern Church.

In the manner best becoming to all virtuous
piggie-wiggies.
O'er the meagre, unglazed window, a pig's
bladder had been stretchèd,
And but feeble rays there passing, cast a
glimmer, drab and wretched.

Lies the frail young woman, sleeping on a bare
board, hard and narrow;
In the close oppressive darkness, turns her
wan face to the window.
Tenderly he stoops anigh her, sighing sad, her
pale brow smoothing.
Kind and gentle in caressing, and with anxious
touches soothing;
Bends with loving lips to whisper; breathes
her name with sore regretting.

Raises she her long dark lashes and her eyes
of hopeless fretting ;
Gazing on him all bewildered, thinking still
that she is dreaming ;
She would smile ; but dare not venture : speak ;
but fears to end sweet-seeming.
From the rude plank bed he lifts her, in his
bosom warm to cherish ;
Beats his heart with so great ferment ; sore he
feels that he must perish.
Still she gazes, bound to silence, by a wonder,
glad and fearful ;
Says no word, but only laughing, looks with
awe-struck eyes and tearful ;
And his lock of dusky raven round her frail
white finger winding,
In her bridegroom's breast, dear shelter for her
rosy blushes finding.

Gently he unties her kerchief ; draws it downward from her tresses ;

And her crown of soft hair golden with a lingering kiss impresses.

Lifting up her chin, and searching deep her eyes, the tears are drenching,

On her lips his own he closeth ; for his long-lived thirst finds quenching.

VIII.

THROUGH the copper forest passing, see afar the scintillation

Of the gleaming silver forest ; hear its glorious intonation.

As the fairest snow, unsullied, shines the grass beside the streamlets,

In the scented breezes quiver, dew-bespangled, azure flowerets ;

And it seems those trunks eternal hold beneath their bark concealèd

Souls, that sighing through the branches, by sweet voices are revealèd

Through the rare and strange enchantment of the deep groves' twilight glimmer.

Springs disperse in spray, that flashes o'er the stones, in silver shimmer ;

On they flow, in tireless ripples, softly sighing, 'twixt the rushes ;

And descend, with sweet-tongued clamour, down steep rocks in torrent gushes,

Leaping, splashing on the pebbles of the rugged mountain torrent,

In a wheeling whirl of waters, where the moon's fair rays lie lucent.

Butterflies in shoals of azure, bees by myriad swarming hover,

Float, in glittering mists of brightness, honeyed banks of flowers to cover ;

Tiny insects' serried legions hold their festivals of murmur,

Wafting breaths of pleasant coolness through the summer's torrid fervour.

Near the lake, that swells and quivers, in a sleepy, tranquil lazing,

See the festal board well garnished ; torches' bright refulgence blazing.

Far, from all the world's four quarters, Kings and Queens in wondrous splendour

Come to celebrate the wedding of the bride so fair and tender :

Handsome youths, with golden ringlets ; mail-clad dragons, gleaming steely ;

Old astrologers of wisdom, and the merry clown Pepele ;

And behold the King, her father, on his high-backed throne reclining,

By his precious mitre crownèd, with his long beard combed and shining.

Proud he grasps his jewelled sceptre, soft his seat of downy pillows,

And his pages, ceaseless fanning, waft cool airs in pleasant billows.

Now from out the ancient forest comes Calin, the bridegroom slender ;

Hand in loving hand-clasp holding, leads his bride so young and tender.

Stirs her long-trained gown a-rustling, o'er the withered leafage skimming ;

Glow her cheeks like ruddy apples ; happy tears sweet eyes o'erbrimming ;

Soft her hair in golden ripples, to the ground is well nigh flowing,

Falling over fair nude shoulders, with the gentle zephyrs blowing.

Gracious, sweet her noble bearing; slim and lissom she advances,

Azure flowerets in her tresses, on her brow a bright star glances.

Now the father-in-law inviteth to the table, richly laden,

First the Sun, the shining groomsman; then the Moon, the chief bridesmaiden.

As befits their years and honours, all the guests are seated featly.

Play the fiddles, low beginning; then the cobzar joins them sweetly.

Hark! What noise is this intruding, murmurous sound of bee-like humming?

All are peering round in wonder ; none can tell
from whence 'tis coming,
Till they see the magic cobweb, bridge-like,
'twixt the shrubs a-swinging ;
Lo ! with noisy bustling, o'er it an enormous
crowd is thronging ;
Hurrying ants, that toiling stagger 'neath
those bags of flour tremendous
For the wedding feast preparing ; there will be
a bake stupendous !
See the bees, the sweetest honey and the finest
gold dust bearing
To the woodworm, master goldsmith, for the
fashioning of earrings.
All the wedding guests assemble ; herald grass-
hopper announcing,
Fleas precede him, shod with iron, in athletic
high jumps bouncing.

Vestured rich in softest velvet, with a sleepy, nasal droning,

Sings a bumble bee, pot-bellied, like a portly priest intoning.

Locusts set the bridge a-shaking, draw the bridegroom to his marriage,

Butterfly, with curled moustaches, riding in a nut-shell carriage.

And his bright-winged kindred trooping, countless species, follow after ;

Lightsome, gay and jolly hearted, raising peals of merry laughter.

Next the minstrels, the mosquitoes ; hark their dulcet strains pulsating !

Here's the bride, the timid violet, who behind the door was waiting.*

* In Rumanian peasant weddings the bride awaits the bridegroom behind the door.

And upon the imperial table, grasshopper, a herald nimble,

Springs aloft ; his spurs a-clanking ; and with reverence duly humble,

Fastens up his gold-laced tunic, clears his throat, and makes his bow :

" This our modest little wedding, close to yours, pray lords, allow."

EMPEROR AND PROLETARIAN.

EMPEROR AND PROLETARIAN.

ON dreary wooden benches, in low-ceiled tavern squalid,
Where day but palely falters, through smoke-bemurkèd glass,
Beside long cheerless tables, with sullen looks and pallid,
A group of outcast wanderers forlornly there hath tarried;
The poor and sceptic children of proletarian class.

EMPEROR AND PROLETARIAN.

Dost say man shines effulgent, quoth one with cynic sneer,
In this dark world of hardship, of bitterness and pain ?
No spark in him appeareth of candid light and clear ;
His ray is dull and clouded, like this be-mudded sphere,
Whereon he ruleth sovereign, unchallenged in his reign.

What's justice ? See the mighty, behind their fortune's shielding,
Erect their laws and edicts, to serve them as a foil,
Against ye ever plotting, with wealth stolen from your yielding,

Whom they to labour sentence, by boundless
powers they're wielding,
And hold in subjugation your lives of ceaseless
toil.

With sated languor gorge they the sweets their
lives o'ercumber,
Bright hours upon them smiling, their day in
dalliance flies ;
In winter, 'mid green gardens, they quaff the
wine's rich amber,
In heat of summer sweltering 'mid Alpine
peaks they clamber,
And night to morn transforming, they close
day's sleepy eyes.

For them what folk call virtue exists not ; yet vicarious,

To ye, they falsely preach it ; your doughty brawn and sweat

Their lumbering States are needing, for their expansion glorious ;

Their fiery wars need fighting, that they may rise victorious ;

That by your bloody slaughter your rulers may be great.

Their navies flaunting proudly, and armies high-belauded,

The crowns, by reigning monarchs, on haughty foreheads borne,

Those millions piled on millions, in lavish heaps, safe-hoarded,

Rich vampires are amassing, depress the poor, defrauded,
And from o'er-burdened toiling of weary mobs are drawn.

Religion—'tis but phrasing, create for your deceiving,
That by its lure enthralling, your yokèd necks ye'll bow ;
For held the heart no vision of recompense relieving,
After your bitter labours and life of constant grieving,
Would ye the curse still carry, like oxen at the plough ?

With shadows vague and formless your sight
they have extinguished ;
By faith in last requital, mendaciously have
led;
Ah, no ; when life lies dying, all joy must be
relinquished ;
To whom this world naught gifted, save sorrow
sore and anguished
Gains no redress post-mortal ; for they who
die are dead.

Vain lies and empty phrases alone the States
sustaining ;
Pretence that destined order they cunningly
portray ;
To make ye strong defenders, their wealth and
power maintaining,

In armèd ranks conscribing, by discipline constraining;
To fight your very brothers, they drive ye to the fray.

Unto malignant millions why are ye subjugated;
Ye that a mere subsistence scarce wring from ceaseless toil?
To early death and wastage why are ye dedicated,
Whilst they in easeful comfort have aye luxuriated;
Scarce time amid their feasting to cast the mortal coil?

Bethink thee ; power and numbers are yours
for liberation !
It needs but that ye will it, to part the soil by
might.
Build no more walls and ramparts to serve
wealth's preservation ;
Or make for ye a prison, when, thrust by
desperation,
Ye fancy to life's bounty ye also have the right.

By their own laws encompassed, they take their
fill of treasure,
And drain earth's sweetest juices, till sweets,
from surfeit, cloy,
Calling in gay carousals and revel-sated leisure,
For your fair daughters virgin, as tools to serve
their pleasure ;

Their foul lascivious ancients our lovely youth
destroy.

Know ye what bitter portion to ye is harshly
fated ?
Hard toil, wherefrom their riches they draw
unto excess,
Black bread your tears have moistened, a life
of serfdom hated,
Your maidens smirched and shameful, their
happiness frustrated ;
The heaven unto the mighty ; to ye, the
bitter mess !

Rich men require no statutes, for virtue grows
concurrent
When every want is furnished ; for ye the
lawyer's screed ;

For ye the regulations, and punishments deterrent,
When forth your hands are reaching, for life's good gifts aspirant;
Exists there no forgiveness, e'en for your direst need.

Crush down the social order, accursèd and unfair,
That 'twixt the poor and wealthy our human kind divides.
Since after death remaineth no hope to make repair,
On this old earthly planet let each with other share;
Be like a band of brothers that equally abides.

The naked antique Venus shatter to swift destruction !

Oh fling in ruthless fury, unto the fire's fierce jaws,

Pictures of snow-nude bodies that wake the vain conception,

Sadly the heart disturbing, of ultimate perfection,

Working our maidens' downfall to lust's destroying claws !

Demolish all, unsparing, that pruriency engender ;

Raze palaces and temples that crimes from light defend ;

Statues of lord and tyrant to molten lava render ;

Wash out the servile footprints of they who basely pander,
Fawning behind the mighty unto the wide world's end.

Yea, shiver unto atoms all pomp and ostentation,
And from its granite clothing our human life disrobe ;
Cast off its gold and purple, its grief and nauseation ;
Make life a dream unfathomed, a vision's emanation
That moveth to eternity exempt from passion's probe.

Build pyramids gigantic from out the desolation

As a *memento mori* from history to arise ;
This is the art shall waken your minds in exaltation
To face the great eternal ; not whoring degradation,
With mocking sneers grimacing ; with vile and furtive eyes.

Oh, bring ye down the deluge ; too long indeed ye waited
To see what goodly outcome would patient goodness get ;
Came nothing . . . ! The hyena by chatterers was replacèd ;
Unto the ancient cruelty was clemency translated ;
Only the form is altered ; remains the evil yet.

Ye'll turn then to the era of gold without alloying,
Whereof the far blue legends oft whisper to our sense ;
Where free and equal pleasures all equal are enjoying ;
When to life's transient flicker Death comes at last, destroying,
'Twill seem to ye an angel with tresses fair and dense.

Then shall ye die, untroubled by love or sorrow's savour ;
As on this planet ye have lived, your offspring shall succeed ;
The death bell cease bewailing, with iron-tonguèd clangour,

Folk, to whom e'en old Fortune, hath shown
her tender favour;
None shall have cause for mourning the dead
who lived indeed.

The pestilent diseases of poverty's dire paining,
And eke of wealth abnormal, shall scourge
not as of yore.
And they whose growth is destined shall grow
without restraining;
Until men will to break it, the cup they'll
still be draining;
For none shall ever perish, till life can give no
more.

* * * * *

EMPEROR AND PROLETARIAN.

BESIDE the old Seine's waters, with pallid looks and sombrous,
In coach of gala splendour, the mighty Cæsar passed ;
His brooding not distracted by thundrous waves upcast,
Nor yet by stony rumbling of equipages ponderous ;
In presence of his people, grown silent and abashed.

With ready smile and subtle, and piercing glances scornful
Probing the mind's recesses where secret thoughts abide ;
With raisèd hand controlling a world in pomp and pride

He greets upon his passage that ragged crowd
and mournful,
Whereto his mighty grandeur mysteriously is
tied.

All loveless and unfriended, in lonely elevation,
Like ye, is he persuaded that malice and
untruth
To human nature's bridle alone give orienta-
tion ;
And thus the scroll of history will wind through
Time's duration :
The hammer on the anvil—a tale that knows
no ruth.

And he, the haughty summit of great oppressors
blatant,

Saluteth in his passing his mute defender.
Know:
If from the world wert absent, thou, the dark
cause and latent
Of mighty over-throwing, in grandeur, high
and patent,
The Cæsar, aye the Cæsar, long since had
fallen low.

Your shades, with savage outrage, that conquer
kind confiding;
Your pitiless, cold smiling, no mercy can
convoke;
Your bitter mind all justice, as vain pretence,
deriding;
Dread powers, 'tis by your shadows, your
shadows dark misguiding,

He drives the poor and hostile to toil beneath
his yoke.

* * * * *

Paris in flames is seething, wherein the storm
is bathing,
And towers, like inky torches, flare crashing
to their doom.
Through fiery tongues devouring, that rend in
waves the gloom
Great cries and clash of weapons sound from
that ocean blazing:
An epoch on its death-bed, with Paris for its
tomb.

Dark streets in conflagration flash glares that
daze the vision;

A-top the barricading of heaped-up granite mounds,
To bloody conflict moving, the proletarian legion;
Its pikes and muskets gleaming, and capped with bonnets Phrygian.
The belfries' clangour deafens, with hoarse discordant sounds.

Their arms with weapons laden, passing through vapours lurid,
The women of the people, with gorgeous raven hair
Veiling their tender bosoms; impassible and frigid,
Pallid and cold as marble; the fire of rage and hatred

Fierce in their black eyes burning ; their eyes
of deep despair.

Oh lanch thee in the struggle, wrapped in thy
splendid tresses !
To-day reveals heroic the poor abandoned
child.
Aloft the scarlet standard, with common
justice blesses,
Hallows thy life besmirchèd, thy sins and foul
excesses ;
Ah, no, not thine, the stigma ; but theirs
who thee defiled !

* * * * *

Glistens the tranquil ocean ; its plates of
gleaming crystal

Move each upon each other, in following sheets
of grey.
O'er the mysterious forest with trackless groves
sepulchral,
Their dark recesses flooding; in azure fields
celestial,
Large-faced, the full moon riseth, with proud
triumphal eye.

In gentle rocking motion, on billows quietly
flowing,
With battered wooden bare-bones, go vessels
gaunt and old,
In grey and silent passing, like eerie spectres
showing;
The moon their bellied canvas is piercing with
its glowing;
It lingers as a token, a disk of fiery gold.

Beside the shore eroded, and worn with waves' emotion,
The Cæsar keeps his vigil, where bent unto the ground,
Mournful the willow weepeth. Wide reaches of the ocean,
In fleet as lightning circles, all humbly make submission
To night's sweet silken breezes, and heave with cadent sound.

Amid the skies be-starrèd, to him a vision wended,
Treading the time-worn forests and splendid waters clear;
Hoar locks and brows be-darkened by sorrow's night, descended;

The crown of straw hangs piteous, that idle
winds have rended ;

. . . . . The ancient man, King Lear.

With mute amaze, he watches the figment of
cloud shadows,

Betwixt the filmy tracery, that fair stars
quivering pierce.

A host of changing phantoms across his mind
swift follows ;

Visions of wealth and radiance—scattered by
stormy echoes ;

The voices of the people ; a world of sorrow
fierce.

In every man is bosomed a world of dear
endeavour,

Old Demiurgus vainly, but ceaseless, striving yet ;
In every mind existing, the world demandeth ever
Whence hath it come, and wherefore it goeth hence, and whither ;
The flower of strange desiring, in chaos that was set.

The yearning for perfection : the universal essence,
Immutable it lurketh within the hearts of all ;
'Tis sown at large by hazard ; the tree in full florescence
Seeketh to find fulfilment in every blossom's naissance ;

Yet ere its buds are fruited, the greater part
will fall.

Thus frozen in its ripening, the human fruit
grows rigid :
One to a slave ; the other to emperor congealed,
Covering with tinselled follies his feeble life
and arid ;
Unto the sun revealing his face, forlorn and
wretched ;
His face, for in each bosom the same deep
self's concealed.

The same desires resurgent—new habits yet
enclosing,

For aye, the human fabric remaineth changeless still;
The world's malignant mystery in many shapes reposing;
To none the all-deceiver its secret strange disclosing,
With longing for the infinite the atom doth instil.

And when ye know this semblance will cease with your expiring,
And after ye, unchangèd, dure all ye strove to mend,
This hasting here and thither, in anxious hope, aspiring
Fills with fatiguèd languor; one sole thought proves alluring:
This world of life is merely a dream of Death etern.

GHOSTS.

GHOSTS.

I.

. . . . and from the earth
it passeth like the mist.
Like to the flower it blossomed,
and like grass was mown. The
shroud enfolds him and the
ground doth hide.

UNDER the lofty vaulting of yonder fane's
grey stones,
'Mid holy waxen tapers in candelabra old,
Her fair face to the altar, in snowy shroud lies
cold

The bride of young Arald, Avari* chieftain bold ;
Resounds the priestly chanting, in sombre minor tones.

On the dead bosom gleaming, the rare gems shimmer bright,
Gold tresses from the coffin unto the paving stray,
Sunk the dear eyes ; divinely a smile, all wan and wae
Lies on the lips, once rosy, but shrunken now and grey ;
Blanched as the limestone pallid her lovely face shows white.

* A barbarian tribe from the Russian steppe, which, following in the wake of Attila and his Huns, remained for some time in Southern Bessarabia, then passed to Pannonia towards the Danube in the sixth century, driving other peoples before it.

Arald, the proud king, kneeleth beside his promised wife ;

Bloodshot his eyes of anguish, with wild despair aglow,

And dark locks torn and matted and mouth deep drawn in woe ;

His grief as lions tameless, no gentle tear can show ;

Three days, distraught he ponders the story of his life :

" Yet was I but a stripling, when, in the firwood glade,

" My greedy eyes, wide ranging, the whole earth would devour ;

" In thought I stirred mass peoples, great empires raised to power,

" Dreaming a world's obedience my proud
command should dower ;
" I sought through Volga's country to carve
with deadly blade.

" Vast teeming hordes o'er ruling, with youth's
proud ardour thrilled,
" To their dazed minds appearing a radiant
demi-god,
" Meseemed the earth was startled and
trembled as I trod ;
" Thrust, by my hosts advancing, from homely
native sod,
" Affrighted nations fleeing, the desert reaches
filled.

" For Odin had departed his high and icy dome;

" His people wandered guideless through lands
of strife and gore ;

" Old priests with scant locks wildered and
bald white crowns and hoar,

" Stirred from their ancient forests and age-
long peace of yore ;

" Peoples of tongues a thousand flocked on
toward ancient Rome.

" I reached the Dneister valleys and camped
in thy fair land ;

" Didst meet me with thine elders, rich in
their plenteous days ;

" Wert white as Parian marble, thy hair a
golden blaze ;

" My stricken eyes, were downcast before thy
starry gaze,

" And as a shy child, faltering, before thee
I did stand.

" I hear thy soft remonstrance, my stifled voice
recall,
" As sore I strove to answer, but knew no
word of worth ;
" A longing rose within me to sink beneath
the earth ;
" My face my two hands hiding, the first grief
since my birth
" Broke forth in gasping anguish and bitter-
ness of gall.

" Thine ancient friends around thee betwixt
each other smiled ;

" Together they departed and left us twain unseen ;

" All unawares I watched thee behind my fingers' screen ;

" Then, tardy, asked : ' Why comest unto the desert, Queen ;

" ' Why hast thou sought the savage beneath his fir-boughs wild ? '

" Thy voice with tears was trembling, and warm it was and tender,

" Thine eyes upon me gazing, a heaven was in their blue ;

" Didst tell me : ' I expect thee, O King of Knighthood true,

" ' To give me him as prisoner for whom I humbly sue ;

" ' Arald, the playful stripling, to me I beg thee render ! '

" To thee my face I raisèd, my sword gave to thy power ;

" My migrant people halted these Danube plains among,

" Arald, the boy king, tarried, in sweet oblivion long,

" Fated to hear the music of thine enchanting song ;

" And thou, the conqueror, hast loved the conquered from that hour.

" And ever since, fair virgin, blonde as the ear of wheat,

" In secret deeps of midnight, that none might see thee go,

" Didst steal to me, embracing with clinging arms of snow,

" Offering thy sweet lips open, as though for coaxing, so :

" ' Arald, Arald, O Monarch, from thee I sore entreat.'

" Ah hadst the earth demanded, or Rome of ancient pride,

" The crowns imperial monarchs display, rare gem bedight,

" The stars through skies that wander and give eternal light,

" At thy feet had I cast them and heaped them in thy sight ;

"But now no more desirest Arald, or ought beside.

" Alas those days of boyhood, when fierce I strove to hew

" Through to the great world's concourse. Ah better had it been

" If in my life's wild turmoil, thy face I ne'er had seen,

" The ruined towns before me had smoked with death and teen,

" My dream 'mid ancient firwoods, by strife and strength come true ! "

The requiem torches lifted with muted steps and slow,

Unto her grave they carry the fair Danubian Queen,

White-bearded monks, the judges of earthly life ; so keen

'Neath heavy eyebrows pendant, their deep-set eyes unseen.

Priests, agèd as old winter, with mumbling voices low,

Bear her 'mid black vaults chanting, through secret chambers dark.

The troop of sombre prelates of ancient mystic rite,

With cordage long, the coffin let down, beneath our sight,

And set they on the gravestone the cross, a seal of might,

Where in a shadowed corner, burns dim the veilleuse spark.

II.

By th' heavenly saints, oh hark!
Heed ye that mournful tone;
The Earth dog's strident bark
Under the cross of stone.

ARALD, his black horse speedeth; the hills and dales take flight
Like dreams athwart him rushing; the moon 'mid clouds doth bound.
His dusky mantle gathering, he draws it close around;
The hills of leaves he scatters, in whirls of rustling sound.
The pole star high before him, shines forth, his beacon light.

He nears the forest border, the mountain old
surrounding,
Where sparkling waters gurgling, from sombre
rocks gush forth ;
Spent ashes grey yet cumber the lone, forsaken
hearth.
In deepest wildwood shrouded barks on the
dog of Earth,
Barks on 'mid dark groves silent, like bellowing
aurochs sounding—

All pallid, weird and rigid upon his rocky
mound
The heathen priest, his crozier in fingers frozen
cold,
For centuries he's sat there, by Death forgot,
so old,

His breast and tresses hoary o'ergrown by moss
and mould,
His eyebrows reach his bosom, his beard unto
the ground.

And sightless so for ages, unmoving day or
night;
His feet to rocks primæval fast welded in their
place;
His mind is working ever, counting the countless
days.
Two ravens o'er him hover; each other wheel-
ing chase,
With weary wings slow-beating; a black bird
and a white.

Arald leaps from his charger ; from timeless musing hoar,
With eager hand arouseth that aged man of stone :
" O Mage of days eternal, to thee I make my moan,
" Give back from Death my lover, whose loss hath left me lone ;
" Then will I serve for ever thy gods of heathen lore."

The ancient with his crozier raises his eyebrows grey ;
His lingering gaze deep searching, his closed lips give no sound ;
Then, strained with toil and struggle, his feet tears from the ground,

With silent sign to follow, descendeth from his mound ;
And so he leadeth upward along the forest way.

And now the shattered portal to furthest mountain height,
His antique crook upraising, he smites with blows threefold ;
And at that sound the wicket springs from its lintel old.
And bows his pate, the veteran, and quakes the king with cold ;
A flock of thoughts dark-omened across his brow takes flight.

'Neath a dark dome of marble, they enter sombrous gloom ;

To their old hinges leaping, the gates behind
them close.
A brand the priest illumines, whereof the tall
flame glows
In azure fire ascending, and by its glimmer
shows
Black walls, that darkly polished, like iron
around them loom.

They know not what lies boding in that dread
silence drear ;
The mage with hand uplifted gives sign the
King to stay.
Cold death amid his vitals, to awful thoughts a
prey,
Arald in silence waiteth, his sword in prompt
array

Vainly his dark eyes frowning, in sightless
darkness peer.

He seems a mystic phantom, the kindly, white
haired mage ;
His ancient rod of wonder, he gently waves
aloft ;
And through the wide dome sombre a chilly air
doth waft ;
Soaring amid the vaultage a thousand voices
soft ;
In chanting rarely dulcet, that doth to sleep
engage.

And loud, and loud increasing, come waves of
chanted tone ;

It seems the storm embodied roars forth its
awful blast,
And violent seas are surging; the affrighted
wind flies past;
The earth, in ponderous fury, torn by con-
vulsions vast;
And all with life and movement now stiffens
unto stone.

The mighty dome is trembling, as though of
matchwood frail;
The vasty rocks are quaking unto their bases
deep;
By maledictions driven, poor, piteous plaints
do leap;
Amid the gloomy vaulting in anguished sobbing
weep;

In gusts of sorrow turgent, and tumult wild they wail.

Let Earth from her heart's deepness yield life unto the dead,

And may the gentle star give sparks to lend her sight,

The old moon to her tresses bring beams that shimmer bright ;

Thou, O Zamolxe,* spare her thy precious seed of light,

* *Zamolxe* in Eminescu's poem, is *Zalmoxis*, a Thracian prophet. Professor Iorga, in his History of Rumania (T. Fisher Unwin), says : " We find a people (the Thracians) solidly established on the land, which has become, in the true large sense of the word, his country. Traces of the pastoral clan still remain, and there is mention of groups formed by the Odrysæ, the Getæ, the Dacians, the Crobysi, the Triballi, the Sabiri, etc. ; but the clan has grown into a well-defined territorial section, and the sections fuse more and more, not only in an economic unity, but in a new unity of a common political life. To strengthen these bonds a new religion rises in the historical period with its prophet Zalmoxis."

" *Zalmoxis*, or *Zamolxis*, a semi-mythological social and religious reformer, regarded as the only true god by the

From thy mouth's breath that burneth, yet
doth with freezing spread.

O first things of the world wherein Arald
holds reign,

Go delve in earth's profoundness, search out
its bowels low;

Dull stones to gold transmuting, raise avid
flames from snow;

Strike fire from out the rocks; make blood
from water flow;

Thracian Getæ. According to Herodotus (iv. 94), the Getæ, who believed in the immortality of the soul, looked upon death merely as going to Zalmoxis. . . .

"Herodotus . . . expresses the opinion that he must have lived long before Pythagoras. It is probable that Zalmoxis is Sabazius, the Thracian Dionysus or Zeus. Mnaseas of Patræ identified him with Cronus. In Plato (Charmides, 158B) he is mentioned with Arabis as skilled in the arts of incantation. No satisfactory etymology of his name has been suggested."—ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

The Rumanian Encyclopædia says: "Zamolxis in the Thracian mythology appears as a disciple of Pythagoras. Returning to Rumania in 556 B.C. he was regarded as a god."

Yea, feed her maiden heart with ardent life again.

The dusky walls surrounding fade, dwindling from his sight ;

All Nature, strangely mingled, lies open to his gaze ;

Ice, lightning, winter snowfalls, warm winds of summer days ;

And o'er a far-off city a bow of flame doth blaze ;

He hears the maddened people lament in desperate plight.

Rent is the Christian church and tabernacle holy,

Shattered and torn in twain by stroke of lightning swift.
The quaking depths upheave; her mournful tomb uplift,
Its lid of massive stone asunder rudely cleft—
And riseth up the bride; a vision gliding slowly.

A beauteous shape of snow; begemmed her bosom frail;
Low reaching to her feet, ripples her shining hair;
But violet-cold her lips, and sunk her dear eyes fair;
She smoothes her temples fine with waxen fingers spare;
Shows forth her lovely face, wan white as limestone pale.

She comes through mist and storm; the
breezes quiet their swell;
Fierce lightnings quench their flame, and from
her presence fly;
The moon to darkness fades, and slowly sinks
the sky;
Waters in awe recede, their sources all are dry;
It seems, in slumber wrapt, an angel walked
through Hell.

That vision dies in dark; but 'twixt those
ebon walls,
In moonstruck dreaming fair, she comes with
gentle tread.
Her fragile semblance sweet his fevered vision
fed,
His powerful tawny arms in yearning pain
outspread

Her lovely wraith to reach—till deep in swoon
he falls.

Now close about him steals her cold clasp,
clinging ever ;
A lingering kiss of ice, his ardent bosom
thrills ;
A stab of sudden pain, an agony that kills.
Pressed to his eager heart, with life her being
fills ;
He knows, for aye etern, they twain shall ne'er
dissever.

Her softly taken breath grows warm and
warmer ; yea :
She, late the prey of Death, his glad embraces
hold ;

Her clinging arms of snow his willing neck enfold,
And lips fair wreathed in smiles, with loving accents scold :
" Oh King ! 'tis Mary comes, Arald from thee to pray."

" Arald upon my bosom, come rest thee, I entreat,
" O God with great eyes raven, how radiant deep thine eyes !
" And let my golden tresses thee chain with tender ties ;
" My youthful life hast wakened to wondrous paradise.
" Ah raise to me thine eyes, thine eyes so mortal sweet ! "

And gentle voices sad from out the chorus break ;

Anon unto the ear, an olden song it weaves,

Like to a murmuring spring, that flows through withered leaves,

Or deep, harmonious chords of love-sweet rapture heaves,

As flows the quiet swell of waves upon the lake.

III.

> . . . It is often said that many who die rise and become ghosts. . . .
> Reform of the (Rumanian) Law, 1652.

AMID those halls deserted the torches' light burns red,
The sombre darkness wounding in stabs of fiery glare ;
Arald with mad, wild laughter and grief demented stare ;
Arald, the youthful monarch, doth pace in lone despair ;
His palace aye seems waiting the advent of its dead.

O'er swart marmorean mirrors a dusky veil
hangs murk,
And through its fine-spun tissue the torches'
chastened beams
Reflect a light from light, that faint and
mournful gleams ;
The lone, unpeopled building with brooding
sadness teems ;
Pale images of Death in every corner lurk.

By day, since that great lightning struck the
vast dome, a slumber,
As lead, chill, deaf and moveless, his being
doth enfold ;
A spot of black, dark omened, upon his heart
lies cold.
In midnight deeps he waketh, his council then
doth hold,

Of night the pallid ruler, clad in his vestments sombre.

And since that hour he seemeth a waxen masque to wear,
So white in frigid torpor, his face that changeth not,
His lips blood-red, and hectic his eyes, with fever hot ;
And o'er his heart is graven a black and awful spot.
His brow more cold than marble a crown of steel doth bear.

Yea, since that hour he mantles his life in weeds of Death ;

He loves deep chants, like voices that loud the tempest ride ;

And oft in splendent moonlight on horse-back fares astride ;

And glow his eyes, returning, with strange wild joy and pride,

Until a deathly shudder him grips at morn's first breath.

Arald, what portent shroud they, thy sable garments dread,

Thy wae white waxen pallor, thy face all sad and stark ?

What ails thee since thy bosom hath born that blemish dark ?

Dost love the funeral torches, the sombre chants to hark ;

Arald ! if eyes tell truly, they tell me thou art dead.

Astride his Arab charger again he soars aloft,
High o'er the desert reaches, as arrow swift that flight,
And silver shines below him the earth in full moonlight ;
Afar his beauteous Mary dawns fair upon his sight ;
The wind in forest sougheth, with tender voice and soft.

Rare crimson rubies flaming 'mid golden tresses gleam ;
In her bright orbs there shimmers of holy seas the tide ;

And each to each draws nearer ; on horseback
fair they ride ;
Bending in sweet caresses, they journey side
by side ;
Alas ! her red lips parted besmeared with
bloodstains seem.

Swift speed they as the storm winds, that
countless-wingèd fly ;
Run neck to neck their horses, with foaming
flanks flecked white.
Telling their deep love's transports, their
quenchless love's delight,
She to his side close nestling, they gallop
through the night ;
Fair resting on his shoulder her golden head
doth lie.

"Arald, upon my bosom, come rest thee, I entreat;

"O God with great eyes raven, how radiant, deep thine eyes!

"And let my golden tresses thee chain with tender ties;

"My youthful life hast wakened to wondrous paradise;

"Ah turn to me thine eyes, thine eyes so mortal sweet!"

Now slumbrous scents and fragrant imbrue the midnight air;

For, lo, the wind in passing the lime flowers bore away,

And with their drifts belitters the Danube Queen's far way;

And float her dreamy whispers amid the leaves a-sway,
As sweet their lips desirous unite in kisses rare.

In play the wind gay chiding; in love each questions each;
Nor see, in night's full darkness, the first, faint shade of rose;
And yet an icy shudder across their souls it throws;
And Death's fell jaundiced pallor o'er their young beauty grows;
And faint, as though at dying, and fainter yet, their speech.

"Arald, Arald take cover, oh hide!" she shrieked in fright.

"Afar, oh dost not hear it? The cock's hoarse crowing! Hark!

"To East a glimpse of brightness appears amid the dark;

"It woundeth in my bosom the frail, brief mortal spark!

"Oh pierces to my heart red dawn's destroying light!"

And as the stricken oak tree Arald turns stiff as stone;

At Death's dread voice eternal his eyes' bright lustres fade.

In startled plunges rearing, their steeds dash on afraid;

GHOSTS.

As vague unbodied phantoms that rise from Hell's deep shade
They flee, while through the forest the wind makes anguished moan.

Swift pass they as the tempest the fordless waters o'er;
The mountains old before them arise in crested might;
Upon their pale brows frozen their regal crowns flash bright;
And over bridgeless rivers sweeps on their urgent flight;
The firwoods, swaying sombre, lie stretching out before.

The old priest from his eyrie their peril can descry ;

He lifts his great voice brazen unto the whirlwind's height ;

To stay the sun from rising, he calleth to the night,

Unleashes raging tempests that ravaged earth affright—

Too late ! The day dawn rushes athwart the zenith high !

And now the storm wind soundeth its requiem chanting deep.

Their steeds to stone are changèd ere they the temple near,

The twain, with closed lids veiling their light-quenched eyes and drear ;

To mouldering death though wedded, still lovely they appear ;
Apart to give them entry the temple gates do leap.

As in their chargers bear them the gates together swing ;
The tomb's dark night eternal their loves will aye submerge ;
A harmony concordant through nature far doth surge ;
Mourning the young queen, beauteous, pious and pure ; a dirge
Mourning Arald, the warrior, the firwood's youthful king.

His brow the ancient bendeth, and vanished is his sight ;

Each old foot to the rock, now once again
adheres,
And over in his mind he counts the countless
years ;
As an old tale forgotten, the name Arald he
hears ;
Two ravens hover o'er him, a black bird and
a white.

All pallid, weird and rigid, upon his rocky
mound,
His ancient pagan crozier his frozen fingers
hold ;
And so he sits for ages, forgotten as of old,
His breast and tresses hoary o'ergrown with
moss and mould ;
His eyebrows reach his bosom, his beard unto
the ground.

OTHER POEMS.

IN THE DEEP OLD FOREST.

IN the deep old forest stout,
All the merry birds fly out;
From the nut tree thicket, they
Reach the sunny clearing gay;
Sunny clearing near the pool,
Girt by reeds and rushes tall.
When it crisps its waves in flowing,
Its reflecting deeps are showing
Sight of sun and moon vibrating,
Sight of summer birds migrating,
Sight of stars and moon's pale mirage,
Sight of swallows' wheeling passage,
Sight my darling, of thine image.

UNTO THE STAR.

UNTO the star that now appears,
So far indeed the transit;
Its light would take a thousand years
To reach our vision's orbit.

And haply, on its azure way
Through endless Space eternal,
Yon sphere hath died, or e'er its ray
Had reached our eye's discernal.

Of perished stars the visions bright,
In heaven still soar ascendent;
They were, ere yet we saw their light;
Now dead, it shines resplendent.

And so it is when Love's desire,
In depths of night hath perished;
The quenchèd love still shows its fire;
Still follows that it cherished.

SLEEPY LITTLE SONGSTERS.

SLEEPY little songsters, sleepy,
In the sheltering nests alighting,
Hiding 'mid the branches leafy;
Sweet goodnighting.

Only rivulets are sighing;
Silent now the forest sombre;
Sleep o'er garden flowers is lying;
Peaceful slumber.

See the swan o'er waters glideth,
Slowly to the reeds retreating;
Angel peace with thee abideth;
Sleep my sweeting.

SLEEPY LITTLE SONGSTERS.

O'er the elfin night campestral
Flows the moon's effulgent beaming,
Weaves a harmony celestial;
Sweet thy dreaming.

SONNET.

HOW many stars in lofty heaven ascending ;
How many billows seam the ocean's flowing.
With serried lights and scintillations glowing,
And endless movement—is our thought transcending.
Choose as thou wilt, the road of Life's bestowing ;
Rising to greatness, or to crime descending ;
Dust and the darkness Fate for each is sending ;
To mute oblivion, like the rest, art going.
I saw me dying ; 'mid the shadowed porches
They did appear in lonely earth would lay me ;
I heard the requiem chants, and saw the torches.
O dulcet shadow ; pray thee, draw more nigh me,
That I may feel Death's hovering shade approaches,
With weeping lids and dark wings, pausing by me.

O'ER THE TREES.

O'ER the trees the moon is showing;
Stir the leaves in forest brake,
And the alder branches shake,
Whilst the wistful horn is blowing.

Further wending, further wending;
Heard more faint, and yet more faint;
To my soul with sorrow blent,
Healing hope of Death thou'rt sending.

Why art silent, when, becalmèd,
Turns my sad heart to thy strain?
Gentle horn, wilt sound again,
Sound for me thy notes encharmèd?

WHY COMEST NOT? WHY COMEST NOT?

BEHOLD the swallows quit the eaves,
And fall the yellowed walnut leaves,
The hoar frost doth the vineyard rot;
Why comest not? Why comest not?

Unto mine arms, O love, return;
Mine eager eyes to thee shall yearn;
My weary head find gentle rest
Upon thy breast; upon thy breast.

Dost thou remember? Oft indeed
We twain did hie o'er vale and mead;
And oft I raised thee, sweetheart mine;
Ah, many a time! Ah, many a time!

WHY COMEST NOT? WHY COMEST NOT?

On earth full many women dwell
Whose eyes the sparkling stars excel;
But how so bright their eyes may be,
They're not like thee! They're not like thee!

Since thy dear bounty sweet affords
My life the joys of love's accords,
For me thou dost the stars outshine;
Beloved mine! Beloved mine!

Now speed the last of Autumn days,
The dead leaves scatter on the ways,
The lonely fields are dank and drear—
Why art not here? Why art not here?

AND IF THE BRANCHES.

AND if the branches tap the pane
And poplars trembling quiver;
Thine image comes to mind again;
I see thee gliding hither.

And if the starshine beats the lake,
It's sombre depths illuming;
'Tis but to sooth my longing ache,
And rouse my thoughts from glooming.

And if the storm clouds disappear,
And forth the moon comes shining;
It only tells thou hast no peer,
And sole-supreme art reigning.

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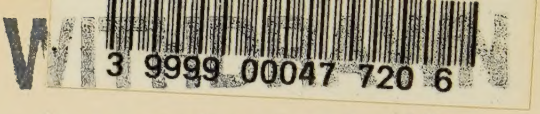

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